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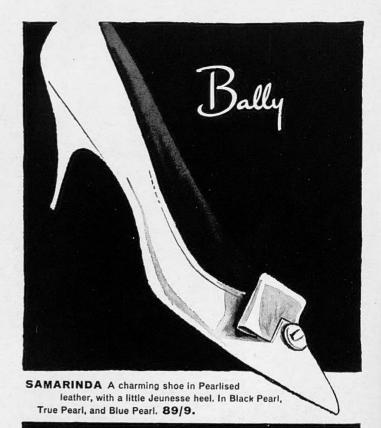
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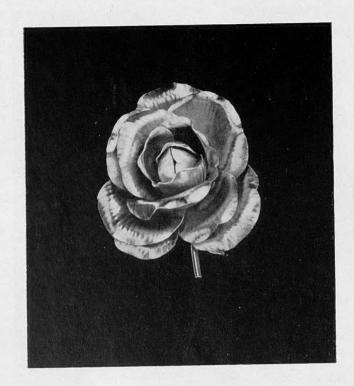
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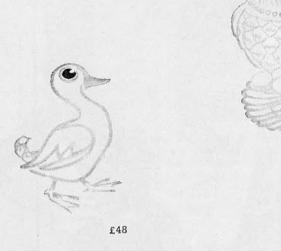


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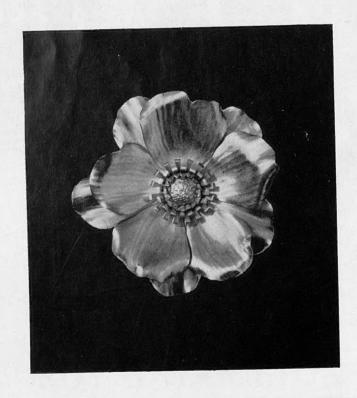


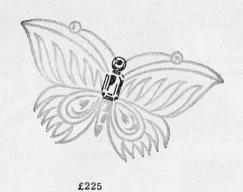


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# WHACKING GOOD, YOU MIGHT SAY



Shouting the odds at Speaker's Corner, the cover girl improvises her stand with a cane screen from Harrods, made in Hong Kong, which costs about 7 gns. For more examples of fashionable cane see page 408. Cover photograph by COLIN SHERBORNE

HE CANE is certainly in fashion when the top judge and the top decorators all want to make more of it. Of course, they haven't exactly the same use in mind, and the COVER FEATURE concentrates on the painless side, which is only to be expected considering that both the writer (Ilse Gray) and the photographer (Sandra Lousada) are women. Bring back the cane! shows some of the attractive new ways in which cane is making a comeback in furnishing (page 408). . . . But the other side of the slogan hasn't been entirely neglected. To give reactionaries a break in this age when the underdog is so much in fashion, there is Safety valve (page 411). Here the not-so-progressive can relieve the pressure by admiring in print a selection of give-'em-hell views that would hardly be safe to utter nowadays anywhere except among the most discreet and forgiving friends. . . .

Fraternization of the privileged with the underprivileged today even extends to moving in on what used to be his habitat. All the best people are buying up property in yesterday's slums—or off districts anyway. Nobody knows more about this than Roy Brooks, the West End estate agent who writes the funny advertisements in the Sunday papers, and he is the author of *London's social-climbing districts* (page 393 onwards). To record the changing pattern of addresses Alan Vines has taken some memorable photographs of people in their new places. . . .

On the party front Muriel Bowen reports the Hon. Patricia Tryon's coming-out at St. James's Palace and she was also at Lady Carey Coke's wedding at Holkham Hall, the Leicesters' magnificent Palladian mansion (page 400 onwards). . . . As bridge is edging back into favour the socially minded may also find some familiar echoes in Ronald Cohen's photographs of the Bridge Olympiad in Turin. From some of the expressions it seems clear that No inquests, partner is a counsel of perfection even among experts (page 404). . . . Fashion? With less than a month to go it's time to think of Ascot outfits. David Olins took the photographs on Cecil Beaton's unforgettable set at Drury Lane in Six tips for Royal Ascot (413). . . .

Next week:

For the 300th anniversary of the merry monarch, The Bawdiest Age!



#### SOCIAL

British-Italian Ball, Savoy, 19 May. Tickets: Lt.-Col. R. B. Devereux, 12 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

Lost World Ball, Festival Hall, 27 May, in aid of World Refugee Year and World University Service. Double tickets: 3 gns. from Ticket Secretary, Chelsea College of Science & Technology, Manresa Road,

Air Ball, Dorchester, 1 June, in aid of Air League of the British Empire. Tickets: 3 gns. each from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7.

Barnardo River Ball, on two boats cruising on the Thames, 4 July. Application forms for tickets from Miss J. Hanbury-Tracy, 39 Roland Gardens, S.W.7.

Oxford Dances. Pembroke College Eights Week Dance, 27 May; Brasenose College Eights Week Dance, 28 May; Keble College Summer Ball, 27 May.

#### SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: South Africans meet Cambridge University, today to 20 May; M.C.C. (Lord's), 21, 23, 24 May; Northants (Northampton), 25-27 May; Notts (Trent Bridge), 28, 30, 31 May.

Golf: Curtis Cup, Gt. Britain v. U.S.A., Lindrick, Notts, 20, 21 May. British Open Amateur Championship, Royal Portrush, Co. Antrim, 23-28 May.

Walking: Stock Exchange London to Brighton Walk, 21 May.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, Balmoral, Belfast, 25-28 May.

Bath Festival. Today to 28 May.

Opera Glyndebourne Festival. 24 May-16 August. First production, Bellini's I Puritani. (WEL 0571.)

Sadler's Wells. Offenbach's Orpheus In The Underworld. 7.30 p.m., Saturdays 2.30 p.m. Four-week season. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 16 August.

The Duchess of Leeds (paintings), Wilton Gallery, 2 Motcomb Street, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1.

Michael Rodde (paintings), Lefevre Gallery, Bruton St., W.1.

Peintres D'Aujourd'hui, Arthur Tooth & Sons Ltd., Bruton St., W.1.

Sculpture In The Open Air, Battersea Park, 19 May-end of September.

#### FAIR

Chelsea Spring Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, to 21 May.

#### FIRST NIGHTS

Duke Of York's Theatre. It's In The Bag. 25 May.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 422.

The Most Happy Fella. "... Sentimental, no doubt, but jolly and human . . . an impression of simple rustic gaiety and charm." Inia Wiata, Helena Scott, Art Lund, Jack DeLon. (Coliseum, TEM 3161.)

Follow That Girl. "... the touch of magic is missing . . . faintly charming whimsey . . . Mr. Slade's music flows easily." Peter Gilmore, Susan Hampshire, Marion Grimaldi. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 423.

G.R. = General Release

Hell Is A City. "... persuasive, excellently directed film . . . superb acting . . . tremendous climax." Stanley Baker, Donald Pleasence, Billie Whitelaw, Vanda Godsell.

# The Irishman's ring

by DOONE BEAL

When an Irishman asks you: "Have you done the Ring?" he is not talking of Wagner. The Ring of Kerry is the largest and most beautiful of Ireland's south-western peninsulas, circled by a road some hundred miles long. Irishmen consider it obvious, and by their standards it is tourist-ridden. Not, however, by anybody else's.

Compared with other famous European beauties-some of the Italian Lakes, and parts of the Costa Brava, for example-it is virgin territory. In all, I think I counted two tiny shops selling local handcrafts, and one slogan-Prepare to meet thy God-painted upon a rock. "Not," said my driver with some distaste, "anything to do with the Catholic church!" True enough, tourists flock to Killarney, on the inland apex of the peninsula, where there are souvenir shops

a-plenty. For the rest, it is some of the wildest and most beautiful country I have ever seen.

I cannot think that God intended Ireland to have a stable climate. The landlocked waters, marshes and mountains respond to the constantly changing light—brilliant sunshine, mist, great piles of white cloud, swathes of purple-as no other landscape I know. Somehow, it would be inappropriate under an arc of perpetual blue. Just the same, you should choose a day which at least starts with sunshine to see the Ring. Begin at the southern end, at Kenmare, but before embarking on the journey proper, drive part of the way over the neck of the peninsula to Moll's Gap, to see there, from a height, the Breughel-like landscape of lakes with Killarney at the head. The Irish poet, W. R. Rogers, says of it: "To see the



Killarney-where forested slopes meet the blue water of Lough Leane

landscape of Tuscany for the first time is like looking at the Old Masters. Only, they have been cleaned, and are life-size. To see the Lakes of Killarney for the first time is to realize that this haunting luxuriance of mountain, waterfall and lough has always been part of one's interior landscape . . . large and bright as life, and strangely familiar."

Back to Kenmare, the Ring road takes you via Parknasilla, Waterville and Cahirchiveen. It is hard to say which is the more beautiful: this first stretch, bordering the Kenmare River, or the returning road looking across the bay to the mountains of Dingle. As another Irishman said of it: "It is all so beautiful that you could rot there!"

Ireland is still a place where motoring is a pleasure. Quite apart from the beauty of its scenery, its roads are by any other standards —especially those of this country empty. What few cars there are never seem to sound their hornsnobody is in that much of a hurry. Not, I must admit, that the roads would permit it. They are quite adequately surfaced, but market day in a small town is enough to cause a half-mile traffic diversion.

Another lovely tour, which it is possible to make in a day's trip from Cork, is around the southernmost and least known of the fingers of land jutting out into the Atlantic. Drive out through Bandon to Bantry (a good lunch place is Vickery's Hotel), and then round the tip to Mizen Head, through the lobster port of Crookhaven and along the south coast to the pretty, primitive little fishing village of Schull.

This is the kind of place where the fishermen let you come out with them and fish for nothing, and the bars combine haberdashers, ironmongers and saddlers shops with the business of selling drink. A favourite venue of small boat sailors, Schull has a couple of very simple guest houses.

Whether or not you decide to spend the night there (Ireland is the country of last moment decisions), you can complete a most pleasant drive round the south coast through Skibbereen, the little coast villages of Leap and Roscarberry, then through Clonakilty and Bandon up to Cork. This peninsula, incidentally, is a favourite with people who hire tinkers' caravans, since it can just about be covered in a week's trip. I went to look at the caravans, partly out of professional interest and partly because I have always had vague romany vearnings myself. My verdict is that if you are accustomed to small-boat conditions and general doubling-up, the accommodation would not be unfamiliarly uncomfortable, although I think that two people might spend a happier trip in the caravan than the four for which they are designed. A tiny wash basin and Calor gas stove are installed, as well as cutlery and bed linen. Cost per week, including the gas, insurance, and horse is a total of £13 12s. 6d. The animals, I am assured, are quiet, and no foreknowledge or particular expertise in handling them is required. The Cork Caravan Company, 18 Matthew St., Cork, will supply further details.

Cork itself is in many ways a beautiful city, of immensely wide streets and pretty little bridges over the river Lee. The Imperial is a comfortable first-class hotel, the Metropole is good too, and the Oyster Tavern is the local venue for grilled sole, steak and chops.

Cork is a useful base for touring Kerry and the south coast, and is quite lively in the matter of music and film festivals. It can be reached by comfortable boat: an overnight trip from Fishguard. Next week, for people who want to stay put and swim, fish or laze, I shall write of some of the country hotels.



## by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. =Closed Sundays W.B. =Wise to book a table

The Mirabelle, 56 Curzon Street, W.1. (GRO 4636.) C.S. One of the most elegant restaurants in Europe, It has just been awarded the Diploma of the Comité du Bon Gout et Prestige Français, the first time a British restaurant has received this high honour. It would be presumptuous of me to attempt to give it higher praise. W.B.

The Apricot Room, Kenya Coffee House, Caltex House, Brompton Road. (KNI 2099.) Open 9 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week. Take your own bottle. No corkage charge. One of the dishes well in the running for my private 1960 Prix d'Honneur is their Steak Fondue: you cook mignons of steak yourself over the lamp and savour them with curried and garlic mayonnaise, chili and other delights. Parkes Restaurateur, 4 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN 1390.) Weekdays 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sundays 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Ray Parkes is a dedicated chef and this small, completely original and delightful restaurant is the expression of his art. You bring your own wine (a good one if you are wise) and pay no corkage, or send out for it. W.B. Gales, 13 Percy Street, W.C.1. (MUS 4804.) Open Sundays 6.30-10.30 p.m. Tommy Gale, an experienced Cockney restaurateur, has here achieved a first-class restaurant of his own. Game dishes are a speciality, including Canard Sauvage à la Presse. The wine list is good. For those prepared to spend a bit more there are six splendid wines specially shipped. W.B.

Casa Pepe, 151 Fulham Road (Pelham Court). (KEN 7749.) C.S. The Taberna, downstairs, full of music and song, is a good deal more gay than many restaurants in Spain. The street level restaurant is pleasant, as is the bar, but more sedate. There are some interesting dry, and very dry, sherries. W.B.

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Pierce—Brooke-Little: Mary Lee, the daughter of the late J. R. Pierce, and of Mrs. Pierce, married Mr. John Brooke-Little, Bluemantle Pursuivan of Arms, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Brooke Little, at St. Etheldreda's, E.C.



Frazer—wedgerburn-Beinune: Fenchy, younger daughter of the late Dr. A. B. Frazer, and of Mrs. Stewart Owler, The Green, Hampton Court, married Mr. Andrew Wedderburn-Bethune, Black Watch (R.H.R.), son of the late Lt.-Col. H. F. Keir Wedderburn, and of Mrs. Wedderburn, of Cupar, Fife, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

# Weddings

Rawlinson—Cumming: Gay, daughter of Major & Mrs. E. H. Rawlinson, of Queniborough Hall, Queniborough, Leicestershire, married Peter, son of Col. & Mrs. J. E. Cumming, of Glenrinnes, Dufftown, Banff, at St. Mary's Church, Queniborough Desmond O'Neill

Campbell-Preston—Campbell: Mary-Ann, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. G. P. Campbell-Preston, and of Mrs. Campbell-Preston, married Alistair, son of Brig. & the late Mrs. Lorne Campbell, at St. John's Cathedral, Oban Webser





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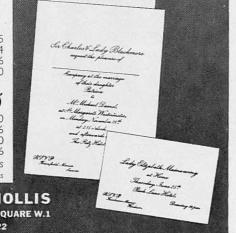
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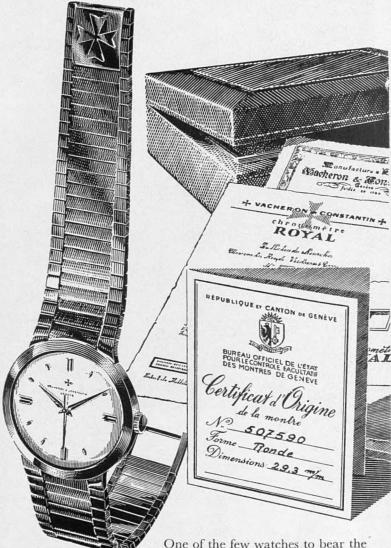
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# climbing social London's

photographed by Alan Vines
with a professional look-round by Roy Brooks



CROOMS HILL, S.E.10, in effect a turning off the dilapidated Greenwich High Road, borders Greenwich Park and has what might be called "houses of character" (mostly 18th century). In one of them live the poet, classicist and thriller-writer Cecil Day Lewis and his wife, Jill (daughter of Sir Michael Balcon)



A FTER the basic needs of nourishment and sex have been catered for, all that most people want is a "little place of their own"; and someone to look down on. At least 6 per cent of the population have some reasonable choice as to where they would like to live. But offices have deprived them of the most central districts. Where should they go house-hunting? What are the social-climbing quarters of the sixties?

I once sold a house in what was said to be a pleasant part of Manchester, Didsbury —but that is being rectified, as the green fields opposite are now earmarked for a rubbish tip. Mostly, though, my experience is of London. I had a client, fresh to the city, who listed the areas he did not want: Kensington, Chelsea, Westminster or Belgravia. As an American dentist, recently domiciled in Leeds, he could not, of course, be expected to appreciate the nuances of address snobbery. He will find the air cleaner and the houses less expensive in Wimbledon and Putney Hill, where he is

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



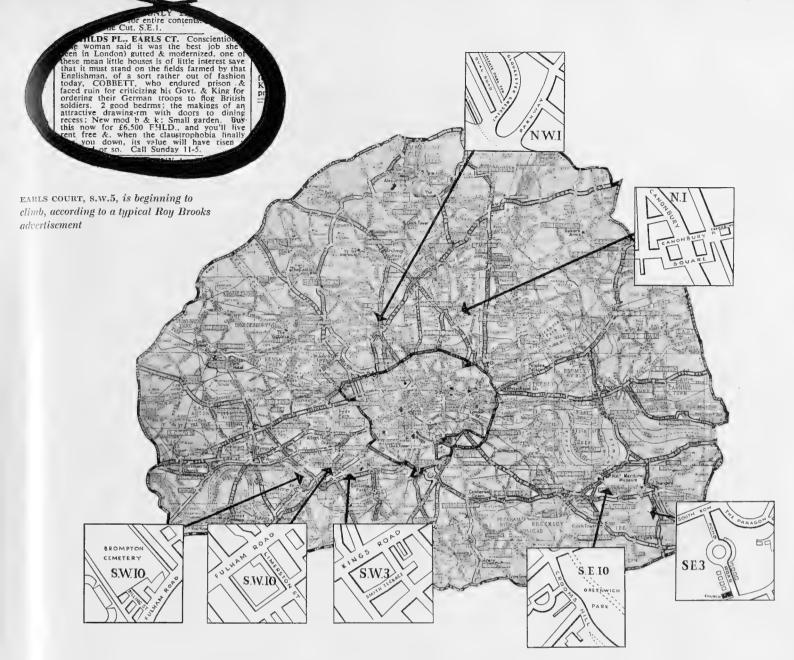
London's social-climbing addresses continued



now looking, though his neighbours will probably be less interesting.

In 1935 you could buy a freehold house in Clareville Grove, South Kensington, for £1,000; now you would expect to pay £10,000, perhaps more. For anything between £8,000 and £11,000 you can buy a long lease of a little, new property, the size of a Council house; less well built, of course, as you notice when you clutch at the wobbly banisters, but prettier if you like an emasculated Georgian style.

Fairly large houses with good (for London) gardens in the Boltons area can command up to £20,000, despite—or is it partly because of?—the scruffy environs of Fulham Road, with its raffish, lively pubs. When I came out of the army I could have sold you a film



pposite LACKHEATH, S.E.3, has been fashionable on and off since Henry VIII's day, and is now embarked on nother "period. The Paragon, built in 1719 and restored after bombing, is a handsome memorial of an earlier ne. Now he modern Span dwellings (below) are giving the place a new distinction and L.C.C. resistance to a would block next to the Paragon (and facing the heath) has been overruled

star's house in Pelham Crescent for £1,100; prices were still going up when I last heard of one for £7,000.

In the years immediately following the war it was possible to buy a good lease in, say, Eaton Terrace, for £1,000 or less. Today you expect to pay £6,000 for quite a short lease at the rack rent of £120 to £250 a year, even in the meaner side streets nearby.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the not so rich, the enterprising and the socially assured—who don't have to worry "what the neighbours think"—are moving into districts where within living memory only the working and lower middle classes (and the occasional eccentric) dwelt. My old friends, Peter Cotes and Joan Miller, are comfortably ensconced in Limerston Street, Chelsea, and have a

compact but surprisingly roomy early Victorian house in which design the restraining influences of Georgian taste linger. This is now a prosperous road, almost completely peopled by fashionable architects (the least stuffy of the professions are usually the pioneers), avant-garde film directors and the bowler-hatted scions of the nobility, and it is difficult to think of it as it was ten years ago-a row mostly of gas-lit tenements with an ancient oven on every floor. Even royal visitations to the local brothel in adjoining Lamont Road did not raise the tone in the old days, and a woman still in her thirties can recall lady residents battling with long steel hatpins.

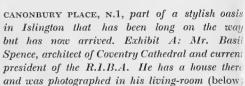
Though it is the done thing to affect an affinity with Bohemia, the proximity of the

plebs is still a bit of a worry to the middleclass climber. Witness the young couple who changed their minds about a former Chelsea slum they were buying for £5,000 when a shower of ice lolly sticks came through the letter box. So indeed did the applicant who was struck on the shoulder by a stone as he left a house he had been viewing in Tite Street. Little things put some people off.

I once had a pompous letter from a man on R.A.C. paper who added *L.C.C. Member* after his signature. He complained that a house he had seen in Alderney Street, S.W.1, could not be Westminster because some street children had been urinating on the front steps when he had called. Most people disparagingly call this section Pimlico, forgetting that, as George V reminded an address snob who said he lived in Belgravia, Buckingham Palace is in Pimlico. After years of neglect Eccleston Square is returning to favour and even in the shabby side streets tarted-up houses now fetch £5,995. The sheer convenience of this area has helped its revival



CANONBURY SQUARE, N.1 (bottom) straddles busy Canonbury Road (and adjoins the quiet Canonbury Place). Advantages are accessibility to City or West End and cheap shopping at the Angel. Mrs. Lionel Hale, the broadcaster's wife, is seen in the drawing-room of their home in the square









London's social-climbing addresses

continued

and it is particularly popular with M.P.s.

I have seen photographs of the Billings that give an idealized vision of a London village. Actually it is bounded by the Stamford Bridge football ground and greyhound track, the Brompton Cemetery and a half-forgotten branch line of the British Railway, and is not nearly so nice as it looks. One house, in a foul condition for £2,995, with its only bath (tin) slung under the stairs, has a tantalizing glimpse of the hare for 100 yards of track. These mean little houses, well done over, will sell for over £6,000.

So much new wine into old bottles is all part of an unhealthy looking-back to a fictional past because people dare not look to the future. A nation that eats processed

cheese at five shillings a pound out of choice rather than necessity, needs to look to itself pretty sharply if it is to survive. As I told three little observers from Peking at the Labour Party's Brighton conference, it is better to put up with any amount of inefficiency rather than cut throats, but here in a democracy we can tackle and turf out the greedy oafs who have desecrated our countryside and are exploiting our housing needs.

There is some justification in rescuing the fine old Georgian houses of, say, Canonbury, though it is sad that the wand of fashion is required to bring the sanitary decencies of the 20th century to this type of property. I have seen rooms, similar to those in which Dickensian rag-pickers sweated away



GI CESTER CRESCENT, N.W.1 (right), familiar to me wists who use it as a back-street bypass to Canden Town, is regaining its forgotten elegance. Diesels will cut smoke from passing trains. James Dartford, A.R.I.B.A. (former assistant to Marcel Breuer) lives there. With him is his son

REGENTS PARK TERRACE, a secluded turning off Gloucester Terrace, forms with it a tree-lined enclave partly within sight of the park. Terence Conran, the designer, and his wife Shirley have converted a house and live in the top half. Their living-room-cum-kitchen is at the top









SMITH TERRACE, S.W.3, smack in the heart of Chelsea, has long been coveted for its small houses, mostly middle 19th century. Painting in progress on both sides of the street is removing the last remnants of its less fashionable days. Residents now include American-born Lady Colyton (above),

London's social-climbing addresses

continued

who is an international lawyer, Mr. Roy Alderson, the mural painter (right, in his courtyard), and Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Brasher. Lady Colyton's house was built in 1720 and was once the home of the manager of a market garden that used to flourish on a site nearby







their lives, still with people living in them. Until recently it was possible to get a Georgian freehold house in Blackheath or Greenwich for about £3,000. Now people will pay £5,000 and spend another £4,000, as a client of mine did in Crooms Hill.

Offer a slum anywhere in London and you'll find a buyer looking for another Canonbury. A struggling artist asked me to advertise a 6-roomed house sans bath in Spitalfields for £1,100. The people never stopped coming. Dazed and overwhelmed, he ushered in a young woman at the door, took her upstairs, showed her where they washed, the outside lav... "Very nice," she said, "but what did you think of the service?" He had swept in a Salvationist in mufti without noticing her collecting box.

WORLD'S END, S.W.10, is now the climbing end of Chelsea (helped by L.C.C. redevelopment). Limerston Street (early Victorian) and adjacent streets sparkle with new paint and eminent residents, including (above) Mr. Peter Cotes and his wife Joan Miller, seen in their living-room. But already



the pressure of demand is driving house-hunters farther westward, and the humble houses of Billing Street (below) are getting the treatment—and fetching the prices, despite the proximity of football stadium, railway line and cemetery and the shabbier section of the Fulham Road



# Muriel Bowen at the Garden Party

THE QUEEN invited 10,000 guests—the biggest number ever-to her first garden party of the season at Buckingham Palace. But an hour after the party started at least 1,000 of the guests were still stuck in their cars on the Mall. Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaya, was sandwiched between a G.P.O. van and an ice-cream cart outside the Travellers Club. Mrs. Walker Lockett Agnew (sister of Sir Brian Robertson) was another caught up in the traffic. Lord Mancroft abandoned his car and arrived on the Palace lawns 73 minutes after the party began. "It wasn't so much the traffic as the shoes my wife and step-daughter [Miss Venetia Quarry] insisted on wearing that slowed us down in the end," he told me. They had all walked.

The Royal Family broke up and all headed in different directions when they came into the garden. Princess Alice in particular, I thought, looked quite lovely in a coat of royal-blue satin with a high hat of swathed tulle. The clothes worn by the men of the Royal Family were also noted by the guests. Prince Philip had a summery grey morning coat, the Duke of Gloucester a black one edged with braid.

As always when the Commonwealth is



The Commonwealth leaders in the garden of No. 10 Downing Street. From left: Tunku Abdul Rahman (Malaya), Mr. Edmund Cooray (Ceylon), Mr. Nehru (India), Mr. Walter Nash (N.Z.), Mr. Diefenbaker (Canada), Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Menzies (Australia), Mr. Louw (S.A.), Field-Marshal Ayub Khan (Pakistan), Dr. Nkrumah (Ghana) and Sir Roy Welensky (Federation of Rhodesia & Nyasaland)

present in force colourful clothes become a matter of Commonwealth v. The Rest. The Sardauna of Sokoto, Premier of Northern Nigeria, wore a robe of white and silver lamé over his red-and-black striped trousers. His pink chiffon headdress, embroidered in pink and gold, ended at his waist. The side-whiskered Sardauna, an enormous man, is also a tremendous character. Before he left the party in his emerald green Rolls-Royce most of the Royal Family had made a point of meeting him.

Viscount Cobham, home on leave from New Zealand, where he is Governor-General, was there with his wife. I also saw Lord Digby (an exotic-looking mauve flower in his buttonhole), the Marquess & Marchioness of Cambridge, and Lady Helena Gibbs. Also there were Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Mr. Vincent Massey, and Prince & Princess Tomislay of Yugoslavia.

Late in the afternoon a shower sent people running for cover. They huddled under the trees and packed into tents where bands were playing. "I think people made a fuss," said the Hon. Lady Lowson, who was there with Sir Denys and their daughter Melanie. "In Scotland it wouldn't have been considered anything more than a mist." I don't think

Mr. Roy Thomson would have agreed with her. When I saw him he looked wet through,

## COUNTRY WEDDING

Lady Carey Coke made one of the loveliest brides of the year when she walked up the aisle of St. Withiburga's Church, Holkham, on the arm of her father, the Earl of Leicester. The Queen Mother was in the congregation (having flown from London by helicopter) to see Lady Carey wed Mr. Bryan Basset, stockbroker son of Mr. R. L. & Lady Elizabeth Basset. Lady Elizabeth is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen Mother.

The bride looked so very composed, but I could not say the same about the child attendants. I think the Churchill family may throw up another military genius in six-year-old Alexander Muir, grandson of the Duke of Marlborough. Throughout the ceremony he pulled faces at the pew of grey-coated and hatted nannies. They put fingers to lips, even looked fierce, but Alexander was undeterred! Earlier Major Stewart Wilson, one of the ushers, had marshalled the nannies into this particular

# BRIGGS by Graham



pew so that their presence so near the young pages and bridesmaids might forestall any un-Churchlike behaviour.

Mr. Basset's and Lady Carey's friends had driven down from the North and a special train brought more from London. It was one of those country weddings in which everybody participated. Union Jacks were hoisted in the village and window boxes were gay with flowers.

The reception was at Holkham Hall, the bride's home, where guests were received in The Saloon, which is hung with red Genoa velvet and furnished with mosaic tables from Hadrian's villa. In the rooms, gay with the loveliest floral arrangements I've ever seen, were Lady Blanche Cobbold, Lord & Lady Evershed, Major & Lady Mary Harvey, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Brassey. The Earl of Airlie surveyed a sumptuous buffet and bottles of champagne. "I wonder," he said, "could you get me a nice cup of tea?" A waitress obliged.

The bride and groom took off from the lawn by helicopter for their honeymoon with the Holkham Church bells tolling in the distance. Lord Leicester gave the guests from London a polite hustle. "You know what British Railways are," he said, "they don't like to be late."

A delightful wedding. A wonderful party. Who ever said that Norfolk people were dumplings?

## THE IRONSIDES ENTERTAIN

For their tenth wedding anniversary Lord & Lady Ironside decided to invite 60 of their friends to dine and dance at Broomwood Manor, their house near Chelmsford.

"The great thing is to have hordes of dailies furiously washing up in the kitchen," she told me. I must say that in her cool, ice-blue satin she was managing to look as if she hadn't done most of the work herself.

Lady Ironside thinks that a couple of able-bodied friends for the day of the party and the day after are essential aids—and her husband's agreeable bachelor cousin, Mr. David Gibson, had helped to clear the dining-room (for dancing) of everything except the portrait of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, the present baron's father. With The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha published just a couple of days before, this provided quite a talking-point. The papers suggest that Gen. Sir Edmund Ironside (as he then was) proved to be Hore-Belisha's undoing as War Minister.

"My father-in-law's diaries are due to be published in the autumn and I think some people are in for surprises," Lady Ironside told me. Col. Rory MacLeod, one of Ironside's staff officers, is editing them.

But to get back to the party. Three of CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The bride with her father, the Earl of Leicester. Muriel Bowen reports opposite



# Lady Carey Coke's country wedding



PHOTOS: KEITH MONEY

There was a special wedding train from King's Cross



Lady Anne Tennant with nanny and son Charles

Left: The Queen Mother left the church with Lord Leicester

The wedding group (the Leicesters are on the left and the Bassets on the right)



Dorothy Wilding Studios



MURIEL BOWEN continued

Lady Ironside's six bridesmaids were there, the Hon. Mrs. Dent, the Hon. Bridget Devereux, and Mrs. Philip Caleb.

Other guests were Mr. Frederick & the Hon. Mrs. Lowry-Corry, Mr. & Mrs. George Barker, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Rankin, Dr. & Mrs. Norcliffe Roberts, Col. & Mrs. George Judd, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Austin, Mr. Digby Maitland, and Dr. Patrick Stone.

## PALACE COMING-OUT

Prince William of Gloucester went to the coming-out party which Lord & Lady Tryon gave for their daughter Patricia in the handsome suite of reception rooms in St. James's Palace. I hadn't seen him at a coming-out party before. He's a pleasant and poised young man whom I expect we shall be hearing more about. Since then he's gone off on his own to Italy for a holiday. He starts his University studies in the autumn.

Lord Tryon, who is Keeper of the Privy Purse, was lent St. James's Palace by the Queen for the coming-out. This was a great thrill for Miss Tryon's young friends, especially the walk through the ornate gun room, and the view over the battlements.

Miss Sally Stucley, Miss Sally Raphael, Miss June Marsham-Townshend, Mr. George Aird and Mr. Jeremy Bevan were among the younger generation-who were easily outnumbered by their elders. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks was there, and Lord & Lady Mancroft, Mr. & Mrs. John Merton, and Viscount & Viscountess De L'Isle.

Miss Tryon, a tall, slim, blonde girl, is finding the season so busy that she's not deciding on a career until it's all over.

#### KILTLESS CALEDONIAN

At the Royal Caledonian Schools dinner at the Dorchester Lord Ritchie of Dundee was in tails-the only Scot I saw who wasn't in all the splendour of Scottish evening dress. "My nether garment is all right, but I can no longer get into the jacket," he said. The explanation didn't satisfy the audience. They forgave him though, because he's something of a rarity-a stockbroker with a nice, light touch when he opens his mouth. (He's chairman of the Stock Exchange.)

The Earl & Countess of Caithness were down from Balmoral, where he's the Queen's Factor. She told me that they had a wonderful visit to Ceylon earlier this year. Lord Caithness was the first commander of the Sinhalese Army when it was formed in 1949, and they went out at the invitation of the Government to celebrate its tenth anniversary. I also met Lord Craigmyle, a

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 404

# QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S

The big opener to the deb year went its accustomed way,

though rather overshadowed by events at the Abbey



Miss Margaret Duckett, daughter of Col. & Mrs. N. G. Duckett



Miss Clarissa Merton, second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Merton



The Hon. Tessa Fraser, younger daughter of Lord & Lady Lovat

Miss Hilly Wilson-Young, daughter of the late Mr. Ian Wilson-Young, & of Mrs. Wilson-Young



PHOTOS: BARRY SWAEBE

The Maids of Honour return to their tables after each had received a piece of the birthday cake



Annabel Dilke; daughter of & Mrs. Christopher Dilke



The Hon. Susan Verney, daughter of Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke



Miss Nancy Phillpotts, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Phillpotts

Miss Susan Irwin-Clark, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. Irwin-Clark





Curtain-raiser to a big sale of Impressionist paintings at Sotheby's was a parade of Balmain fashions organized to help the funds of the English-Speaking Union



Lady George Scott and Mr. Michael Lewis. Above right: Mrs. John Ward with Modigliani's Portrait de Jeune Fille



Lord & Lady Kilmarnock





Mrs. Michael Lewis and Lady Edith Foxwell before the show

Below: Viscountess Hambleden



# Fashions and fine art DESMOND O'NEILL

MURIEL BOWEN concluded

determined-looking young man with a beard. He's chairman of the Red Duster syndicate which hopes to successfully challenge the U.S. for the America's Cup. But he wasn't giving anything away. "Are you a physicist?" he asked, looking me so straight in the eye that I couldn't lie. Apparently only a physicist can follow what these Red Duster people are up to at the moment.

The Mackinnon of Mackinnon & Mrs. Mackinnon of Mackinnon and lots of other Scots were down in London for the evening. Efforts were being made to make them feel at home, though one or two people thought that Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, Bt., a Yorkshireman and former Lord Mayor of London, went a bit too far. He described the Englishman as "a self-made man who worships his creator." Scottish chins were shaking with mirth.

Sir Edward Reid, Bt., the merchant

banker, was running the show. He saw to it that there was not only a good meal but—so far as he could provide them—good speeches. He sent Lord McCorquodale of Newton, the main speaker, copies of the speeches made at the last five banquets so that he would know what was expected of him. "As a result I found coming here more alarming than I ever anticipated," admitted Lord McCorquodale. The alarm was short-lived. It was announced during the dinner that Lord McCorquodale's appeal this year for the Royal Caledonian Schools, which the dinner was benefiting, had raised £10,200—the second highest-ever.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander Drummond, who directs Army Medical Services at the War Office, wound up the speeches. "I am only sorry that my boss, Lt.-Gen. Sir George Collingwood [G.O.C. Scottish Command] isn't here tonight as he'd give you the best tip for the Derby."

LORD KILBRACKEN:

# You need an angle at the Academy

JUST about everyone in London has gone long to the Academy this year. Dowagers, and debs, and dukes, and dilettanti; artists, and dentists, Marxists and economists. The blue-jean set, the mink set, the beardind-bow-tie set, and the twin-set set. Art has become so smart that the Academy's a social must.

It's the same, by and large, with galleries ill over the country. As for Christie's and Sotheby's, their sales generate more popular excitement than Jayne Mansfield at a movie oremière. What could be more entertaining than a shipping magnate and a commercial mogul vying with one another to top the latest record price? Only the cynical will suggest that they are seeking such mundane objectives as a safe investment, a hedge against inflation, relief (if American) from death duties, or the simple prestige of having a Botticelli in the bathroom. It is known that they are impelled solely by art for art's sake; a thing of beauty, to them, is a toy for ever. They merely desire the aesthetic satisfaction of gazing at it in reverence between take-over bids.

In the same way, it would be an exaggeration to suggest that only a few of those who go to the Academy—and to the galleries, and to fashionable *vernissages*—actually and actively enjoy looking at the pictures. There *are* those, I know, who go to be seen, to be publicly recognized as art-lovers (without, at all costs, being arty), to get their photos in the gossip columns and the glossies, or to find an opportunity for wearing their new Dior cocktail dress. But those who put Balenciaga

before Buffet are probably in the minority.

Nonetheless, the new vogue for going to the pictures can be full of pitfalls for the novice who attends in knowing company. He's probably adept at small talk, or discussing the Derby prospects (keep your eye on the Irish colts!), or discoursing on the play he saw last night, or the trouble he had parking. But this will not help him when he finds himself face to face with a Renoir and expected to make a sensible comment.

A young lady, similarly, or even a not-soyoung lady, may have all the town gossip at her tongue-tip, but this will avail her nothing if she happens to acquire a boy-friend who can think, and who suggests a visit to the Tate instead of to the Odeon.

I will therefore list the three first principles, all easily mastered, for the guidance of the non-arty on the threshold of a gallery.

First, it just isn't good enough trying to get away with a position of frank ignorance, absence of taste, absence of judgment. You may be ignorant, and lacking in taste and/or judgment, but it will no longer do to admit it, even if you're a girl. The line of "I-don't-know-anything-about-pictures-really-but-I-do-know-what-I-like" is, if anything, worse; it went out of fashion with Zuleika Dobson.

You *must* acquire, somehow, a personal point of view—it doesn't really matter what, so long as you decide and stick to it. For example: "Why can't these painter-chaps paint something as it *looks*? I like to be able to tell *at once* what a picture's of." It doesn't matter in the least that, apart from being ungrammatical, no one with the smallest

knowledge of painting would ever agree with this. It's your point of view, so state it, and defend it, and stand up for it, and you'll have something to say at each canvas you inspect.

Secondly, it is almost essential nowadays to acquire some actual knowledge, however slight, of painters and their styles. It helps immeasurably if you can identify, without reference to your catalogue, the occasional painting as you come to it. Only those with extremely sharp eyesight may rely on surreptitiously reading the signatures. (If you're one of them, don't forget to be careful about Van Gogh and El Greco.) It is far better, however, to learn to recognize immediately the work of, if possible, four or five painters.

This really isn't too difficult, and only takes an hour or two, so long as you pick the easy ones. For instance, Canaletto (photographic views of Venice); or Gauguin (Tahitian girls and bright, gaudy colours); or Murillo (beggar-boys and Holy Families); or Modigliani (those long necks and long thin noses); or Rubens (huge voluptuous nudes, very pink); or Seurat (pointillisme—you know, all those little dabs of colour, usually parties on river-banks).

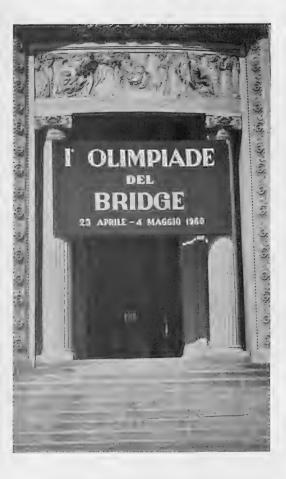
The other expedient, but it isn't always possible—and isn't really fair—is to go alone to the exhibition the day before your date, and memorize the vital facts of a dozen of the paintings.

Thirdly, for goodness' sake, don't wander around vaguely, glancing briefly at every canvas, with hopeless comments such as "Isn't that lovely?" or: "Wonderful!" or: "What on earth is that?" Pick out, firmly, three or four paintings in each room—it's a good move to include one, occasionally, by an unheard-of artist—and concentrate on these. Stand well back and make one of the stock, meaningless, but meaning-ful sounding comments, such as: "Yes, a very interesting dialogue of colour." ("Interesting" is a very useful word.) Or: "Yes, I can see what he was trying to do." (Always begin with "Yes.")

Then move confidently up to the canvas, and examine the surface microscopically, for a full minute, from six inches—this is also a good opportunity, incidentally, for sneaking a look at the signature. Back slowly away with half-closed eyes. And come up with something like: "Yes, a first-rate draughtsman, and I admire the juxtaposition of forms." Make an illegible comment, in pencil, in your catalogue, and move on to the next one.

Guided by these simple rules, you'll impress, you'll be in the fashion, and who knows?—you may even begin to believe what you've been saying. That is an important hurdle. Once you're past it, it is only a matter of time before other people believe you—and then you're an art critic.

# NO INQUESTS, PARTNER





The only casualty at the first Bridge Olympiad was a pair of broken ribs—nothing to do with the play, though, as explained by RONALD COHEN, who also took the pictures

Olympics generally result in more international bickering than movements for international friendship, while bridge tournaments alone are notorious for bad blood and angry accusations. So the first Bridge Olympiad, held in Turin, was a dangerous experiment. In this event, however, quarrels were kept to a minimum. Inevitably, most teams had a few internal dissensions under the strain of playing until one in the morning for ten continuous days. But internationally there was hardly a difference. Indeed, a common sight was to see a player begging sympathy from a competitor for his poor partnership.

The only casualty of the whole tournament was the English non-playing captain, L. Tarlo, who stepped backwards off a platform early on, fracturing two ribs. He was carried out of the hall on a stretcher; most players continued play, undeterred, uninterrupted. But, of course, as

in domestic bridge, post-mortems were conducted relentlessly and with spirit.

The general organization was brilliant: the scores of 156 competitors, playing in duplicate, in different rooms, were centrally kept and compared. And the luxurious cafeteria worked on so complex a system it seemed that only the brilliant minds of the world's greatest bridge players could manage to get to the food.

The closing stages were very exciting. Britain and France, in different sections in the qualifying rounds, had each lost only one match in the final ten days, and thus had the same number of victory points. Britain was matched against the U.S.A. Spingold second team, France against Italy. But as Britain failed to do more than draw with the Americans, while the French team beat the Italians handsomely, France were the victors, thus beating Britain by the narrow margin of one.



Martins Ferreira, (Brazil) and Einar Thorfinnsson (Iceland)



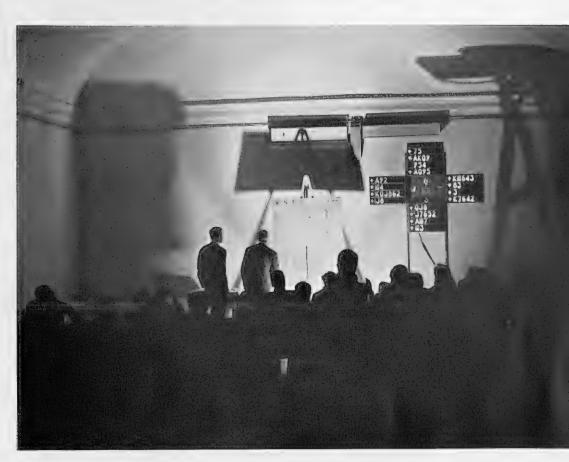
Giorgio Belladonna (Italy)





Inquest after the Anglo-American match. American player Norman Kay walks with his partner and Britain's Albert Rose makes notes. He was partnered by Nico Gardiner. Tricks are not gathered up as in normal play, but each player places his cards in front of him until the end

Bridgerama (below) shows spectators how the games are going. Tournament bridge is played in duplicate: team of A, B, C, D against W, X, Y, Z, with two players from each team in one room and the same hands dealt to the other pairs in another



Animated discussion between three Indian players: R. R. Ruia (captain), S. R. Sethi and J. Kohli



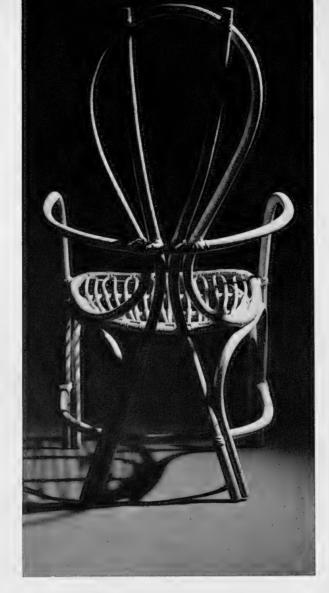


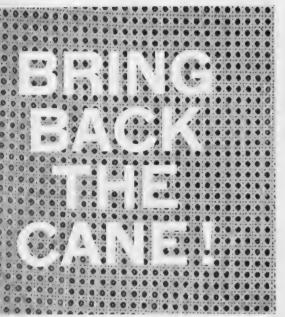
M. Thorbecke (Holland)



Boris Shapiro (Britain)







Swedish-designed cane chair (£13 3s. 6d.) made by and exclusive to Heal's. In living-dining room at right: Danish sofa with upholstered seat, caned back and armrests (£94 10s.), Danish teak coffee table with cane lower shelf (£27 10s.) both from Harrods; sideboard with caned sliding doors from Terence Conran (£60 17s. 3d.); Thonet dining chairs from Finmar (about £6 7s. with arms, £5 7s. without); Italian basket chair (£17 11s.), Lynw furskin rug (£23 10s.), Swedish rush matting (£8 11s. 6d., 9 ft. by 6 ft.), Rotaftex lamp stand (£7 10s.) and grey lampshade (£3 5s. 6d.): all from Liberty's; fruit basket (12s. 11d.) from Home & Kitchen Ware Ltd., Rupert Street, W.1.; Flower trough (34s. 6d.) from Heal's

PROPAGANDA BY ILSE GRAY, WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDRA LOUSADA

THE CANE is in demand again. But Lord Chief Justice Parker (and the Gallup pollsters) are not the only supporters. Interior designers are also for itapplying the cane not solely to seats, but in a surprising number of ways all over the house. For long popular in the garden and on the terrace, cane is now moving inside. It is light, durable, and fairly cheap, and when used in conjunction with wood and metal its interesting texture acquires a new sophistication. Designer Michael Inchbald, who has used it a lot, says the main reason for bringing back the cane in Europe is better heating. When rooms were chillier, cane and similar furniture of light and airy construction only added to the cold and draughts. Now that central heating (or air-conditioning) ensures steady warmth, cane can give a fresh feeling to a room. It's a knockout CONTINUED ON PAGE 410





### BRING BACK THE CANE CONTINUED

with Scandinavian or Oriental-type décor. Mr. Inchbald designed an iron and wicker chair which won a national prize at the last Triennale in Milan. In the newly-opened Gondoliers Room at the Savoy, he has also used cane instead of glass on the inner windows.

Warning: Cane should not be put too near an open fire. It loses its whack and becomes dry and lifeless. But it is quite happy near radiators, and another designer, David Hicks, often uses basketwork radiator screens.

One form of cane that is not flourishing is chair caning. You still see the occasional craftsman mending chairs at the side of the road, and there are one or two specialist firms, like U. N. Tisserand in Varndell Street, N.W.1. But this kind of caning is becoming



Above: Italian salad bowl (33s. 9d.), servers (15s. 11d.) and water jug (39s. 6d.) from Peter Jones; glass tray (8s. 11d.) from Home & Kitchen Ware; Swedish rubu tumblers (about 7s. 9d. each) from Leons, 5 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Left: Cherry wood and cane nursing chair (£8) and cot with drawer (£7 8s. 9d.) from Heal's. Right: Wastepaper basket (14s. 11d.), shopping basket (16s. 11d.), travelling animal basket (49s. 11d.) and braid and cane lidded basket (35s. 11d.), all from Home & Kitchen Ware; dog (30s.) and horse (35s. 11d.) both doubling as lidded baskets; wheelbarrow (12s. 11d.), also from Home & Kitchen Ware. Below: Japanese coiled cane fruit basket (49s. 6d.), ice bucket and tongs (27s. 9d.), Peter Jones





such a rarity that Terence Conran, who is particularly fond of French caning (used in period chair and sofa backs), finds it impractical to have it done in this country. Instead he imports ready-woven rolls from Hong Kong and attractive Italian dining chairs with caned seats. Some elegant Danish furniture available over here in the larger stores uses this kind of caning too, woven more closely than is usual, on sofas, chairs and tables, but there is little of it made by English manufacturers.

Cane indoors isn't confined to the living-room. There are cane rocking-horses and rattles in the nursery; trolleys, cutlery handles, wine-bottle holders and candleholders in the dining-room; laundrybaskets in the bathroom, and all shapes and sizes of baskets everywhere. One firm that designs some of its own cane furniture is George Spencer Decorations of Sloane Street. Apart from garden furniture they have had made bedside tables, bedheads, and racks for magazines, records and telephone directories.

Caning is certainly no deterrent in advanced homes. : . .



SAFETY: VALVE a page to help reactionaries let off steam in this age of the underdog

Fashionable causes

**ABOLISH BLOOD SPORTS!** 

FEED THE STARVING INDIANS!

CONVICTS NEED UNDERSTANDING. NOT PUNISHMENT!

KEEP THEM AT SCHOOL TILL THEY'RE 17!

DECENT HOMES FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED!

> FREEDOM FROM THE IMPERIALISTS!

# Unmentionable answers

Another of those Bolshie town people trying to interfere in the countryside. They're the first to go to the bullfights when they're in Spain, sir. Bullfights are very fashionable just now. But that's downright cruelty of course, killing for fun. We hunt foxes and stags because they have to be kept down, and hunting's still the best way—ask any farmer



Understanding, eh? That's just what they get when they're sent down, sir. Best place for them—puts them where they can't do any harm for a bit. All this fuss about psychology and childhood background just encourages 'em-just draws attention to them and they like it. Never used to have any of this trouble



I tell you I'm all for it, sir. But what stops them providing their own? They've got the money, you know. You only have to look at the cars all over those new council estates. Why, there's a TV in the sitting-room even when there's no food in the larder. And lots of them go abroad for holidays, too. Let them pay their rent, I say-not draw subsidies





Why can't they feed themselves? Let them eat their sacred cows for a start, sir, instead of leaving the wretched things to foul the streets. And why don't they stop having so many children if they can't support them? If it's all because of their primitive religion, let them sort that out before they come begging to us



What for, I'd like to know? Half of them don't stay now when they have the chance, sir. Let them get to work and learn a trade—that's what their parents want, and very sensible of them. There's too many louts at school already crowding the classrooms and holding up the others. Taxes are heavy enough, anyway



Freedom, indeed-just look what they do with it, sir! That Gold Coast fellow locks the other side up. They don't know the meaning of democracy-can't even read, most of 'em, and have to vote by ticking pictures. All they want is to line their pockets, and it's the ordinary black chaps-good fellows, really -who suffer when we leave



OF COURSE, you won't eat only eggs, milk and fruit-the diet detailed below gives plenty of scope for meals. But there is stress on these three because they make the diet one that leaves you on top of your beauty form. It's the sort of diet-design for a weekend when most people have more time to carry out a rigid routine. There's no doubt that diet is a strain, and the best policy to adopt for everyday eating is the small selfdenials that gradually ease off inches WEEKEND DIET DIRECTIONS: Take all tea or coffee with 1/8 pint milk and no sugar with anything, ever. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner eaten with two roll or one crispbread (plus thin butter pat for breakfast). Tea taken with one roll or erispbread. Rolls and starch reduced crispbread (on sale everywhere but north of England now) by Energen. Saturday.—BREAKFAST: Fresh orange juice. 1 boiled egg plus coffee or tea. ELEVENSES: Cup of chicken bouillon. LUNCH: Slice of melon, then a grilled veal cutlet with two grilled tomatoes and four mushrooms. Served with a salar of four grapefruit segments, chopped mint and parsley, salt and pepper, and sprinkled with lemon juice. Follower by stewed rhubarb with one dessertspoon of top of milk. Eat rolls or erispbread with 1 oz. shredded Dutch cheese. TEA: Cup of tea with roll or crispbread topped with Marmite and cucumber. DINNER: 8 asparagus stalks with garnish of lemon juice and chopped hard-boiled egg, plus salt and pepper. One small plaice (baked in \frac{1}{8} pint milk plus salt and pepper) and topped with sliced tomato. Served with a salad of lettuce and cucumber, 1 teaspoonful chopped onion, sprinkled with dressing of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Followed by a serving of gooseberries, and black coffee. AT NIGHT: Cup of Marmite. Sunday.—BREAKFAST: Fresh grapefruit juice. One scrambled egg made with dessertspoon of milk and chopped parsley. One apple. Coffee or tea. ELEVENSES: Juice of two lemons, whisked with teaspoonful chopped parsley. LUNCH: Tomato juice, followed by small portion roast chicken plus a salad of cold French beans and blanched, sliced button mushrooms and dressed with salt, pepper, lemon juice and a little chopped onion (can be made hot). Followed by strawberries or raspberries, sprinkled with a little orange juice and served with one dessertspoon top of milk. TEA: Cup of tea plus roll or crispbread portion with thin butter pat and topped by cress and sliced tomatoes DINNER: Clear vegetable bouillon, followed by poached egg on spinach and a salad of lettuce and tomatoes, dressed with lemon juice and chopped mint.



# SIX TIPS FOR ROYAL **ASCOT**

Always work to a system when you go racing, and for Ascot you can be systematically feminine. It's the one sporting outing where you can concentrate on being a fair lady and forget about practical tweeds and brogues. And talking about a fair lady, these six tips are presented on Cecil Beaton's famous set for the original at Drury Lane. They were photographed by David Olins

Silk dresses with matching coats are heavily backed favourites. The dress (left) of green and bronze patterned print on a white ground by Roter is slimfitting, short-sleeved with a broad swathed self belt. The coat has a voluminous back gathered into a yoke, and is lined with white silk. At Dickins & Jones, London; Harveys, Guildford; Anne Tudor, Stratford-on-Avon; Price: 461 gns. Otto Lucas' hat of ruched coffee-coloured tulle can be bought at Dickins & Jones, price: £16 10s. Pearls by Adrien Mann.

Ascot grey is the smartest and newest colour for morning coats. This racegoer is dressed by Simpsons, Piccadilly, in a grey pin-head worsted suit



# SIX TIPS FOR ROYAL ASCOT

continued

Racegoing, like every other sport, has its thirsty side. At the tea-trolley is an elegant racegoer in white guipure lace threequarter-length coat trimmed with white grosgrain and worn with a matching skirt. The lace camisole has a bloused front of rine silk with a broad e satin ribbon tying around nist. From Michael, Carlos the Made only to measure. Plac le necklace of mauve and Cas beads by Adrien Mann. whit Mon ag suit in grey pin-head d from Simpsons, Picca-WOT dill

Opp te: Aching feet are only the hazards. A racegoer one mus be prepared to run the who gamut of human emotions estasy to despair. Still, from the lk dress and companion coat it left) should help buoy a . It has a cubist design in brown, black and white. The cress is sleeveless, straightfitting, with a buckled self-belt. The seven-eighths coat, severely tailored, hangs straight from the shoulders. A Phyllis Taylor model at Harrods, London; Anthonie, Cardiff; Joseph Johnson, Leicester; price: about  $33~\mathrm{gns}$ . White stitched satin hat trimmed with black organdie by Otto Lucas at Harrods. The black-dotted dress with its matching tailored jacket is in white silk by Worth Wholesale. The jacket has a black velvet collar and the dress is sleeveless. At Nora Bradley, Chelsea; Jenners, Edinburgh; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; price: £47 19s. 6d. Hat of white petals by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason, W.1. Morning suit in pin-head grey worsted by Simpsons, Piccadilly





# SIX with a state of the FOR ROYA. ASCOT continued

Unrelieved black looks extremely elegant when almost everyone else is ablaze with colour. Koupy's coat of heavy ribbed-silk ottoman (opposite) has a full back slit up the centre seam to the neck, and huge patch pockets. It is worn over a black silk dress printed with dark brown and gr y flowers not shown here. At V collands, London; Nicol, Gigow; Elaine, Guildford. The costs 24 gns., the dress, ns. Otto Lucas' black coarse ted straw hat at Woollands, e: 22 gns. Jewels by Adrien р 1. Morning coat in charcoal worn with pin-striped 8 sers by Simpsons, Piccadilly. silk chiffon dress in Liberty's is print, golden brown on e, is very full-skirted and a wide neckline. From ly Amies, Savile Row. Made to measure. White organdie 11 by Otto Lucas at Debenham Treebody, London. Price: gns. (Photographed in Mrs.  $\mathbf{H}$ ins's conservatory, designed 'ecil Beaton)

Right: Tunic dresses are all the rage for those who are tall enough wear them successfully. Belinda Bellville of 14 Motcomb Street uses a mastiff-tooth checked silk in shades of lilae and purple for her dress, the tunic of which buttons down the side. Made to measure only. Price: about 52 gns. Gilt jewellery by Adrien Mann

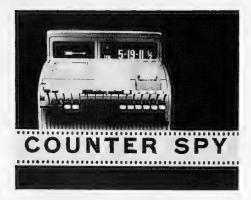




SIX FOR ROYAL ASCOT

continued

Unfairly taking attention from the thoroughbreds the other side of the rails, Norman Hartnell  $\ designs\ the\ ultimate\ in\ femininity.$ It is a dress and jacket in white ribbon lace appliquéd on white chiffon, crowned with Claude St. Cyr's huge brimmed hat of white ostrich fronds



ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

### goes collecting china



FRUITS ripen in tropical colours (left) on Spode's handpainted bone china vacuum bowl. Its companion has a rich Florentine pattern of gold Fleurs de Lis. Both have a Thermos unit inside for keeping three pints hot or cold. They cost £19 10s. and £26 respectively at Thomas Goode, W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester

CHECKS pattern the impeccable lines of Schonwald's grey and white china. Plates and saucers are of the same faultless design with fragile handles joining the widening cups. Dinner service: £32 4s., tea set: £12 5s. 6d., coffee set: £4 19s. 6d., all for six. Finmarimports at Liberty, London





FLOWERS bloom on the white rounded shapes of Rosenthal's Rococo-style coffee and tea sets. The porcelain tea set (left) was designed by artist Bjorn Wiinblad, who has revived the Quatre Couleurs art of hand-painting four types of real gold on to china—which gives the pattern its sensitive tone. A 22-piece tea set costs £41 14s. 2d. Cups can be an upright or wide design. At the Rosenthal Shop, Wilson & Gill, Regent Street, W.1, from mid-Junc

#### Intelligence Report

Happy hunting ground for English and Continental china and glass is Leon's of 5 New Cavendish Street where the best of Wedgwood, Waterford, Rosenthal and Royal Copenhagen designs may be found. Leon's is small and specializes in individual attention so that any other patterns can be ordered to customers' requirements. Services can be bought by place setting and there is also a good collection of oven-to-table ware. Notable at Leon's are some wonderful plateshand-finished in gold patterns. Featured too are charming Rosenthal and Royal Copenhagen figures. There is a competent repair service for broken china

Roses and leaves garland the traditional lines of one of Wedgwood's streamlined designs for 1960. In tones of pink with delicate green leaves on pure bone china, a 26-piece dinner set costs £33 19s. 6d. Coffee and tea sets come in this pattern and each piece can be bought separately at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1 and Manchester





LEAVES fly, autumn-tinted, across the translucent shapes of Royal Doulton's design Tumbling Leaves. Light and hard-wearing translucent china, introduced early this year, now bridges the price gap between Doulton earthenware and bone china. A 25-piece dinner service costs 11 gns., a 21-piece tea set: 5 gns. At Selfridges and all leading stores

### All dressed up

### to go dreaming

Long dresses are coming back, especially for bigger occasions, and the traditional dreamy ball dress can expect to be seen more often at this summer's dances—of which no fewer than 300 are listed in and around London

PHOTOGRAPHS: CORNEL LUCAS

Below: Many yards of Bri-Nylon white chiffon printed with green ivy leaves make a romantic dress but one which will nevertheless withstand the rigours of the Scason. A Susan Small model at Dickins & Jones, London; Books, Sunderland; Hilda Deakin, Solihull; price: 27 gns.

Below, right: Prodigious skirted ball dress of golden-yellow net with fitted strapless bodice. Golden stars embroidered with bugle beads and brilliants scintillate from the folds of the skirt. From Worth, London. Made to measure only





Almond-pink satin sheath with a full overskirt trimmed with satin roses, encrusted with brilliants. From Norman Hartnell, Made to measure only



Left: Sugar-pink silk ball dress with raised hemline, strapless and richty embroidered with silver crystals and bugle beads. From Harrods, Londo: Price: 79 gns. Pearl, rhinestone and crystal necklace from Debenham & Freebody, London (16 gns.)

Opposite: Designed for the girl wo cannot afford a large wardrobe. Made in caramel-coloured Terylene and cotton, it is washable and hardwearing. The jewel-embroidered be linen cummerbund is detachable, so are also the under-bodice and paircoats. A Frank Usher model at Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Greensn hownes, Edinburgh; Renée Mene palefast; price: 35 gns. Huge this stone ear-rings from Debenham & Freebody, price: 3 gns. Made sevening mess kit &c. from Mass Bros., Covent Garden







The play

Rhinoceros. Royal Court Theatre. (Laurence Olivier, Alan Webb, Miles Malleson, Joan Plowright, Gladys Henson, Duncan Macrae.)

The films

The Big Fisherman. Director Frank Borzage. (Howard Keel, Susan Kohner, John Saxon, Herbert Lom, Martha Hyer.) Flamenco. Director Antonio Del Amo. (Joselito Himinez, Mari Carmen Alonso, Ivy Bless, Manolo Zarzo.)

As Long As The Heart Beats. Director Alfred Weidenmann. (O. E. Hasse, Heidemarie Hatheyer.)

A Terrible Beauty. Director Tay Garnett. (Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood, Richard Harris, Cyril Cusack.)

Visit To A Small Planet. (Jerry Lewis, Joan Blackman, Earl Holliman, Fred Clark.)

The records In

Improvised Meditations & Excursions, by John Lewis. Giants Of The Piano, by Art Tatum & Erroll Garner. Swinging 'Round The World, by Jonah Jones.

the process in each instance is the same process. It begins from the inside and works outwards, taking us slightly by surprise at first because the truth which the actor is intent on imposing is apt not to coincide immediately with the conventional idea of the character which has leapt at once into our own minds.

There is perhaps a brief, unequal struggle, but irresistibly, by innumerable little intuitive touches, the artist tightens his hold on our imagination, bending it to the way in which he wants it to flow, and is usually found in the end to have won complete acceptance for the expression of his own truth. Odd, we tell ourselves, but obviously the part could be played in no other way.

This is what happens in his playing of Berenger in M. Eugene Ionesco's satirical fantasy. Most of the audience know beforehand that everyone in the play except Sir Laurence Olivier is going to turn into a rhinoceros. If they do not know it, an admirable copy of Dürer's rhinoceros on the drop curtain gives them the broadest of hints.

Accordingly, they are inclined to suppose that in presenting Berenger on the lines of an early

The Hottest New Group, by Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. Late Date, with Ruth Brown.

The Art Of Django, by Django Reinhardt.

Donnybrook With Donegan, by Dorothy Donegan.

The books Grandad With Snails, by Michael Baldwin (Routledge &

Kegan Paul, 15s.)

When The Kissing Had To Stop, by Constantine FitzGibbon

(Cassell, 16s.).

Oh, Careless Love, by Maurice Zolotow (Gollanez, 15s.).

Don't Forget To Write, by Art Buchwald (Gollanez, 13s. 6d.).

How To Be A Well-Dressed Wife, by Anne Fogarty (World's

Work, 12s. 6d.).

The galleries Dubuffet.

Dubuffet. Hanover Gallery. Sandra Blow. Gimpel Fils. Peintres d'Aujourd'hui. Tooth's. Trompe L'Oeil. Jeffress Gallery.



### Laurels for Sir Laurence

ONE OF THE CHOICEST CONTEMPORary theatrical pleasures is to watch Sir Laurence Olivier creating character before our eyes. The character may be old or new, a Richard III or an Archie Rice, a Macbeth or the humble clerk who is the hero of Rhinoceros at the Royal Court; it always rings like a coin fresh from the mint.

Broadly speaking, we can say that



RHINO RAMPAGE: Horrified, but helpless, the clerk Berenger (Sir Laurence Olivier) watches his strong-minded friend John (Duncan Macrae) turn into a rhinoceros before his cyes in Ionesco's probing satire at the Royal Court

Chaplin character the actor, if he is going to do justice to a hero destined by the author to be the last man in the world, is not going about the business in the right way. His Berenger is a dirty, smelly, weakly amiable little clerk worn out by drudgery, fatigue and drink, so much afraid of life that he dare not show his down-to-earth girl friend that he loves her and quite unable to cope with a particularly strongwilled friend who lectures him arrogantly on his weaknesses. Yet Sir Laurence keeps our attention riveted on this half-comic, halfpathetic weakling with such finesse that we are forced to admit in the end that he has gone about his business of characterization in precisely the right way.

The first citizen in the small English town who unaccountably changes into a rhino is simply a practical problem with which the nunicipality (with its fire brigade) has no difficulty in dealing. But larger issues are raised when hinoceritis multiplies into an epilemic.

The proneness of citizens to he disease carries with it the errifying suggestion that already we have gone a long way in the selflestructive conformism that o powerfully threatens human adividuality.

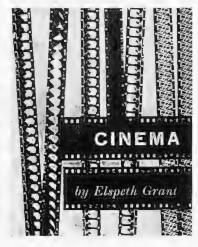
Berenger's arrogantly strongilled friend is one of the first to '70 over," Before the little man's artled eyes his skin turns green nd leathery, a tusk sprouts from is forehead, his speech thickens ito a rhino's grunt. At the same ime-and here is the crucial point -his mind turns over in justification the change. "Nature has laws of s own.... Morality is contrary to ature. Once civilization is swept way, we shall all feel better"; and rying, Mr. Duncan Macrae harges demoniacally about the tage while Sir Laurence skips for is life.

Soon the weak-willed but obstintely individual little man is listening with dread to the specious reguments that men habitually use orange themselves on the side of the herd. "We must move with the times." "We must try to reach an understanding with the rhinoceroses." "How joyously they gambol, what a beautiful sound they make." But the upshot of all these rationalizings is that the speaker suddenly snatches a piece of ivy and munches voraciously.

The hero who will not or cannot move with the times is alone left a man. He has a terrible moment of loneliness and regret as he realizes the full implications of his singularity, but pulls himself together for a final assertion of human individuality which Sir Laurence makes strangely moving. It is an end which triumphantly justifies the

whole deeply considered plan of his performance.

Miss Joan Plowright, Mr. Macrae, Mr. Alan Webb, Mr. Miles Malleson, Mr. Geoffrey Dunn and Mr. Peter Sallis all find delightfully comic work to do and do it amusingly, and Mr. Orson Welles's production seemed to me much more effective than it has seemed to others.



# The stereophone on the Mount

BASED ON MR. LLOYD C. DOUGLAS'S book, The Big Fisherman takes two and three-quarter hours to unfold the story of how (a) Simon called Peter, and (b) Princess Fara—daughter of an Arabian mother and a Galilean father—were converted to Christianity. Well, you will probably say mildly, if you're going to film a long book you have to make a long picture.

I heave a sigh. What agony these epies are! Can't something be done? Suppose somebody takes it into his head to film Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Hastily I suggest "Do me a favour and serialize it: serve it up in 60-minute sections-or I might even go to 65, the extra five being allowed for the footnotes." The Big Fisherman, with its somewhat stripcartoon approach to the Scriptures, could well have been broken up into ten-minute fragments and drawn us into the cinema 16 different times instead of providing just one long session of physical endurance. But it's no use brooding on that: these Hollywood chaps pay not the slightest attention to me. The mammoth movie is the vogue and we'll simply have to get along with it as best we can.

The present one seems to me unnecessarily cluttered. It may be the producer, Mr. Rowland V. Lee, sincerely wished to convey a Christian message but felt cinema audiences would not swallow the conversion of Simon and the Sermon on the Mount without the spice of

romance and violence. He has accordingly thrown in a pair of starcrossed lovers-Princess Fara (Miss Susan Kohner) and Prince Voldi (Mr. John Saxon), both sworn to assassinate her hated father. Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galileehordes of brutal Roman legionaries, an orgy at the palace of the Tetrarch (Mr. Herbert Lom) and the beheading of John the Baptist (carried out in mime and silhouette against a curtain of purple gauze). There is also, for those who demand the whole hog, a flogging scenewith handsome Mr. Saxon, who strips well, as the victim.

I was impressed by Mr. Howard Keel's integrity in the title role—even when he had to speak lines that inevitably raised a laugh. The dialogue throughout is plain atrocious and the well-hammered-home suggestion that the followers of Christ can be identified by an expression known as "THAT LOOK" is quite ludicrous. I am always ready and glad to hear the Sermon on the Mount, but I hope next time I do it will not be in a great stereophonic voice assailing me from the rear.

Infant prodigies give me an acute feeling of discomfort—which is probably why I writhed a good deal during Flamenco, a lively, intensely colourful and sunny Spanish piece (with English subtitles), starring 10-year-old Senor (Senorito?) Joselito Jimenez. He has a really remarkable (and remarkably piercing) singing voice and all the assurance in the world. Though very small he seems entirely adult: one feels he would prefer caviare to candy-floss any day.

The story is not particularly original. Joselito sings to raise money for an operation on the eyes of a little blind girl. (The late Mr. Mario Lanza sang to raise money for an operation on the ears of a somewhat older deaf girl, you may remember.) There is, of course, a happy ending. The whole film is fraught with gaiety and should delight all who enjoy that curiously vibrant flamenco singing—though it struck me that some of the songs must surely be the Spanish equivalent of the "pop" number.

I think you may find the German film, As Long As The Heart Beats, a shade gloomy—especially if you are not married. It is about a middle-aged college professor (admirably played by Herr O. E. Hasse) who discovers that he has what his doctors believe to be an inoperable cancer. He resigns himself to the prospect of dying in six months or a year—but his wife, Fraulein Heidemarie Hatheyer, maintains that as long as the heart beats there is hope.

At her insistence, the dubious doctors operate—and the professor's life is saved. The film is beautifully acted and directed but it left me

uneasily wondering: suppose the man had been a bachelor—what would have happened?

In A Terrible Beauty (don't ask me what the title means), Mr. Robert Mitchum, as an Irishman (save the mark!), joins the I.R.A. His girl friend, Miss Anne Heywood, and his best friend, Mr. Cyril Cusack, don't want him to and, for that matter, he doesn't much want to himself—but for some reason that escaped me, join he does.

The year is 1940 and Nazi Germany is only too willing to supply arms to the I.R.A. so they can raise hell in Ulster and harass the English. After one member of his mob (Mr. Eddie Golden) has been killed and another (Mr. Richard Harris) has been given a ten-year jail sentence, Mr. Mitchum decides to light out for England—where, he is told, he'll get higher wages and a little peace and quiet. (I do hope he was in London during the blitz: that'd larn him!)

Mr. Jerry Lewis, who still crosses his eyes to show he is a funny man, comes by flying saucer from outer space to pay a Visit To A Small Planet—Earth. The great joke is that in his world there is no sex—so he is enthralled by the behaviour of an American courting couple. The less said about this silly and vulgar film, the better. I can scarcely say less than "Boo!"



IT'S HELL IN THE I.R.A. Top: The wounded Sean (Richard Harris) limps across the moor with Dermot (Robert Mitchum) after the raid on the power station. Above: Group leader McGinnis (Dan O'Herlihy) gets a back-hander from Dermot's sister Bella (Marianne Benet) who has no liking for his revolutionary activities. From A Terrible Beauty



# Is this really anti-jazz?

JOHN LEWIS, ELEGANTLY BEARDED leader and pianist of the Modern Jazz Quartet, is first and foremost a composer and experimenter. His service to jazz in the past seven or eight years has been considerable, although many of his trends take him away from the generally acceptable context of jazz. His latest album (LTZ-K15186) features his piano with rhythm accompaniment but without the added power of the quartet's most popular soloist, vibraphonist Milt Jackson.

His piano jazz is, to me, the most intellectual study on conventional themes that I have heard. It does not satisfy my jazz ear, but awakens an interest in the other sort of music which is quite unwarranted, but almost certainly what Lewis intended! As far as jazz goes, he plays best as a blues pianist, as in *Now's the time* and *How long*, but even there he dallies on the precious side of the theme, rather than getting down to the serious work of making the music swing.

As I write these notes I have heard the first reports of his latest experiment in Paris, where he presented a "Jazz Entertainment," heavily involved in dancing which was not, apparently, true ballet. The music was contributed by the Modern Jazz Quartet, with bassist Heath and Jackson prominent. If his piano album is a meditation, which I approve, his Paris show is an excursion, which I do not. I see the red light shining, which means stop, Mr. Lewis, before you go too far. Mozart's biggest successes were in the international drawingrooms of Europe, not the concert halls. You have yet to open the drawing-room doors!

The best piano record I have heard recently comes from the two sides of a Vogue album, Giants of the piano (LAE12209), featuring Art Tatum and Erroll Garner respectively. Both show how the piano can be cajoled into producing important music, in the same way that Dorothy Donegan proves that a facile ear and an easy beat put both these giants' work within the range of well-played parody (ST1226). Her technique and her humour are excellent, as I well recall from a personal hearing in a New York club.

Jonah Jones has also perfected the lightly swinging technique many times on record. His Swinging 'round the world (ST1237) omits only one important tune title, Travellin' light—after all, what would Jonah need but his horn!

The indomitable singing team of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross (their names always remind me of a highly respectable solicitors' or stockbroking firm) are backed by trumpeter Harry Edison and some lively rhythm in their Hi-Fi-Stereo album (SBBL562) billed as "The hottest new group in jazz." I will vouch for the heat, and for the newness of the material. Just try singing Cloudburst in your bathit's guaranteed to bring the ceiling down or displace your epiglottis. Ruth Brown's Late date (LTZ-K15187) sounds quite conventional by comparison, although her voice control is out of the ordinary, and I thoroughly enjoyed some of the accompaniment.

It is alarming to think that Django Reinhardt was recording such splendid guitar music in 1937, as The art of Django proves (CLP1340). Surely this was the sort of jazz which ought to have opened the drawing-room doors 20 years ago, if ever jazz was going to find an entrée to those sort of places?

BOOKS

by Striol Hugh-Jones

# Portrait of the poet as a young cub

SOMETIMES YOU FEEL THAT IF ONE more novel or memoir about the splendours and miseries of childhood is published it's going to be the one

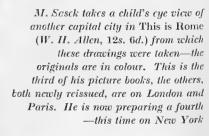
that puts paid to the whole subject for at least the next 10 years. In fact, it would be a great pity for anyone to miss Grandad with Snails, by Michael Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin is a poet, and this is apparently his first novel. It is a short, compressed and heightened series of quick impressions of the life and times of a wild little boy who was also kind, loving, and often alarmed by the odd violence of his own young jungle, going to school and running with a local gang in the early days of the last war.

Grandad, a seafaring and free-booting figure of great pride and independence, was a ship's carpenter, and at the end of the book he dies, a ship's hull he had been carving for the boy still unfinished. The incidents in the book are sometimes grotesque, terrifying, strange and distorted, yet told in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner, without comment and without the assessment and rearrangement of perspec-

tive of an adult eye. The dialogue seems to me superb, and the school episodes are particularly memorable, with much of the wild and anarchic good cheer that Vigo put into Zéro de Conduite. Much of the book is also exceedingly touching, and funny in a way that is ruthless and black-hearted and yet tender. It is that curious thing-a tough and outwardly fairly pitiless existence told in brief, spare, sharply pointed language that is delicate without ever seeming contrived or over-felicitous. I feel very warmly towards Grandad with Snails, which is small-scale but much to be remembered.

Chained and shackled as usual by my ever-growing load of Unfair Prejudices (against the regional novel, the dialect novel, science fiction, bloods involving complicated insurance transactions—the list is growing far too rapidly) I opened Constantine FitzGibbon's When the Kissing Had to Stop with





mentally squared shoulders, since it is about a fictional future, and such novels, whether by H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley or George Orwell, frequently give me tension headaches and a profound reluctance to soldier on to the third chapter. In fact, this horrifyingly bleak, bitter, level-voiced book has a horrid way, not only of compelling you from page to page, but of putting its case with a logical persuasiveness that is hard to resist. Briefly the argument is that to abandon the balance of bomb-power means violent and unprincipled police, then a puppet government, and finally mass deportations and pockets of maquis-type resistance in the Welsh mountains.

Whether or not you share the author's point of view, this is at least one of the major themes for a contemporary novel. It made me wonder why politics so rarely enter novels, except as a shadowy background in some thrillers. And why are the novelists who choose to look into the future always the ones who are so profoundly depressed about .t? Presumably the jolly boys wanning about in a dream of carpe liem and the sensitive investigation of personal relationships have no nclination to peer any further than he beginning of next week.

That novel by Mr. Kingsley Amis naving been rewritten for years now by many another author, it's getting to be the turn of Mr. Peter de Vries have the words snatched out of is typewriter. Oh, Careless Love is y Maurice Zolotow in the de Vries nanner, and much as I admire the nan who started it all, I still feel hat one of him is quite enough.

Here is that same Mittyish, rustrated, merrily desperate hero, ick of safe successful domesticity, rating his cosy prison-house but mable to translate any of his daborate fantasies into reality. He, too, has an odd little nervous tie—this time it's singing snatches of rostalgic pop lyrics—he, too, fails dismally in the great seduction scenes; he, too, patches up some sort

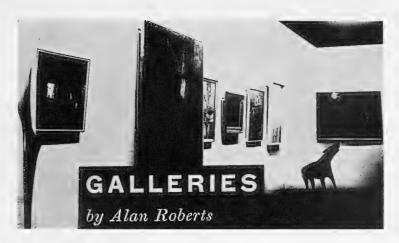
of adequate truce with a too-loving scene-making wife. I still think de Vries is wilder and funnier and

Don't Forget to Write is by Art Buchwald, who chose caviare and is a wit who lives in Europe on behalf of the New York Herald Tribune. Mr. Buchwald is one of the funniest, briefest, most to the point journalists alive, and it is probably monstrously unfair of me (to the list above, add books made up of collected occasional pieces) to feel he reads better one piece at a time than given the awful dignity and semi-permanence of hard covers.

And How to be a Well-Dressed Wife by Anne Fogarty is one of the rummest books I have fallen across in years. "The kitchen is your natural setting as a woman," says Miss Fogarty, in her brisk and cheerfully commanding way, on Kitchen Wear, "and you should look beautiful, not bedraggled in it.... Why look like Cinderella when you can be a lyrical embodiment of all that a home and hearth means?" You can't dare to tell me you didn't know that's what you could be?

Incidentally, you'll need, among other little things, an "apron wardrobe" ranging from "frilly half-styles to an enormous butcher's apron that makes you beguilingly small by contrast," and though Miss Fogarty doesn't commit herself on this point, maybe the frilly half-styles might well make you look beguilingly enormous.

There's a wealth of sound advice for husbands, too. "A shaggy fur muff, a fluffy racoon bag, a sleek mink scarf, a smooth beaver beret, a striking leopard belt—or some cosy lamb scuffs—all say 'I love you.'..." Well now, there may be some who would care to have a fluffy racoon bag saying I love you, and then again others might not. I am pretty mad about Miss Fogarty, who believes in having a rainbow collection of satin shoes in simple pump and sandal styles, and jolly good luck to her too.



### The high priest of highfalutin

FEW PAINTERS SINCE THE WAR HAVE had so much nonsense written about their work as Jean Dubuffet. But then, to be honest, few painters since the war have painted so much nonsense as Jean Dubuffet. When I say that, I am not referring only to the deliberate "shockers," like the portrait Limbour, façon feinte de poulet (Limbour, made with chicken droppings) shown in his Paris exhibition 14 years ago, but to the greater part of his œuvre.

At the time of that 1946 exhibition he wrote (oh yes, he has made a major contribution to written nonsense as well) that the first impression of his paintings would be one of aversion and fright. He was right about the aversion.

A much better writer than painter, the gulf between his theories of painting and his practice of it reduces both to absurdity.

Inevitably, therefore, it has been the aesthetic pedlars of mysticallyphrased art criticism who have made him their darling. To the man-in-the-street his work is of no more significance than the scribbles children make on walls. Less, in fact, because the children did it The exhibition includes examples of most of Dubuffet's developments (if we may so flatter his changes of obsessions) from 1944. Belonging to that year is *Quatre Personnages*, heads of four hatted men that might have been drawn by a child of four, which seems to me to epitomize the essential irresponsibility of his work.

There are, too, many of the gouaches of Arabs, camels, oases and palm trees that have been likened to Paul Klee's delicate fantasies—a slander that must make poor Klee turn in his grave.

Another of his diversions—practised first way back in 1945 but represented here by *Paysage au Bélier* dated 1954—is the *haute pâte* in which the paint surface is built up with bitumen, plaster, tar or the like, to resemble rocky or earthy surfaces.

Much has been made of the "beauty" of these surfaces and of those in the assemblages empreintes (thickly painted, mud-coloured landscapes with crude, capering, earienture figures) of which Les géomètres in the present exhibition is typical. But even in this respect Dubuffet seems to me inferior to

CONTINUED OVERLEAF





"ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD," from which this scene is taken, is being produced at Sadler's Wells in a new English version by Geoffrey Dunn. It is the first time that Offenbach's operatic parody of Greek myths has been seen in England since 1869, when it appeared at the St. James's Theatre. The present production, directed by Wendy Toye, will run for four weeks. June Bronhill and Kevin Miller, both Australians, are the principal singers.—Photo: Gerti Deutsch

an artist like Sandra Blow.

Miss Blow, one of the five painters selected to represent Great Britain in this year's Guggenheim Award competition, is showing 17 new canvases at Gimpel's. From these it appears that she no longer has any use for the scraps of hessian and other materials with which she used to build up her surfaces. Now she seems to be mixing only sand with her paint (although her Guggenheim picture, now on its way to New York, has bits of straw in it). She has also extended her palette to include rich reds and oranges.

The mystery, for me, of Dubuffet's success is surpassed only by that of the far greater commercial success of Bernard Buffet. For while I can understand the confusion caused among the gullible by the barrage of highfalutin propaganda for the former, the hollowness of Buffet is plain for the most simple-minded to see. And never before has it been plainer than now when, at Tooth's, he is seen in the company of so many of his superior Parisian contemporaries.

Clavé, for one, is immeasurably better. In figure compositions like La famille and Fillette à la cage he may be too reminiscent of Picasso but in Paysage bleu, a gorgeous concert of blues, reds, greens and black, he is magnificently himself.

Among the other peintres d'aujourd'hui are Pignon, Legueult, Venard, Civet, Vignoles and Papart. But the most satisfying, next to Clavé, is the unsensational Baboulène, whose two flower pieces are enchanting echoes of Vuillard or early Bonnard.

At its best trompe l'oeil is only a joke and like all jokes it is not so good the second time as the first. Of course Arthur Jeffress's second trompe l'oeil exhibition is not the same as the one of a year or two back but the joke is virtually the same. And the only surprise is to find that, although past-masters like Francisco Alegiani and Jacob Ray perfected the joke in the last century, there are still artists like Martin Battersby, Ray Hobdell and John Innes who think the game is worth playing today.

VERDICTS



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W 183



#### Speed, or the swamp?

DID YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS FOR safety on the roads the other Sunday? I must confess I didn't. I was so shocked by the revelation that 8,000 people a year die in accidents in the home and 800,000 a year are seriously hurt in industrial accidents, that the much smaller numbers involved on the roads hardly seemed a fit subject on which to solicit divine intervention.

Enormous progress has already been made by road users and vehicle designers in keeping down the number of accidents, and the number of casualties per 100,000 vehicles is half what it was 20 years ago. It would fall dramatically still further if we forced our elected representatives to build a few roads suitable for 20th-century traffic. To shrug the whole thing off by asking the Almighty to fix it looks like one more example of the modern habit of dodging responsibility.

Moreover, I was rather shocked by the wording of the special prayer which invited the Lord to take from us the love of speed. To do this would be to extinguish the divine spark which raised man from the primeval swamps. From the moment when two youths tried to see who could run fastest, human progress has been spurred by the love of speed. Without it we should still be driving horse carriages and crossing the seas in sailing boats.

At the moment when a small company of brave men are training themselves for the greatest human adventure of all—the first flight into outer space—I cannot feel that the spectacle of the nation with the slowest road traffic in the western world beating its collective breast and praying to be cured of the love of speed is one particularly calculated to find favour in the sight of

the Almighty. Better to use our brains and resources to make speed possible without undue risks.

As it is, we have a government which thinks it good business to put a tax of 50 per cent on cars and 130 per cent on petrol and use the money so obtained to subsidize the railways, so that they can run special trains to carry the cars and their passengers for which there is no longer room on the roads. This is known as Free Enterprise and is said to have considerable advantages over wasteful bureaucratic planning.

The 1960 road safety campaign now in full spate follows the traditional plan of passing the buck back to us. Nine-tenths of accidents, we are told, are due to some human failure. Now if you put a man on a tightrope, ask him to swing a hoop with one foot, juggle with some Indian clubs, balance a glass of water on a stick on his nose and keep a plate spinning on his head, there will come a moment when something goes wrong. You can call it human failure, but some people might say you were asking too much.

At present the Ministry of Transport is spending the small resources. available in patching up old roads and creating new hazards as fast as it removes old ones. To take one example: if you build a new section of twin-track highway where several lines of traflic can move safely at 80 m.p.h. and then funnel the lot into a blind corner on a road where there is barely room for a single line of traffic to crawl along in each direction, you have simply created a new death trap. And local authorities with no knowledge of traffic engineering are still strewing the road with booby traps in the form of archipelagoes of islands which would tax the skill and reflexes of a racing driver.

As we cannot expect much from the authorities beyond exhortations and heavier fines for the "human failures" we must do what we can to help ourselves and I am surprised that more people do not use seat belts. Some of those who tried to sell them a few years ago have given up in the face of public indifference; Ford have ceased offering them as an optional extra and Delaney Gallay tell me that their sales are still disappointingly low, despite a continuous advertising campaign. The demonstrations which the British Safety Council is staging in Regents Park may help to break down public indifference and simultaneously Britax (London) Ltd. are launching the Swedish type of diagonal belt on the British market at 4 gns.

When motoring in Sweden I have been impressed by the way people buckle on their seat belts just as they would in an airliner. It seems 60 per cent of cars have them over there, and last year about 300,000 safety belts were sold, against new car sales of only 160,000. It is rare for a car to be completely crushed in an accident and if you stay in the car, your chances of survival are five times greater than if you are thrown out.

A good belt imposes no irksome restraint and it can save painful injuries in quite minor accidents. It also allows the driver to use the full power of modern brakes in an emergency without the fear of sending his passenger's face crashing against the instrument panel. I now have one on my own car but my problem is that the greater part of my motoring is done in test cars belonging to other people, which never have safety belts.



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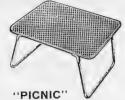
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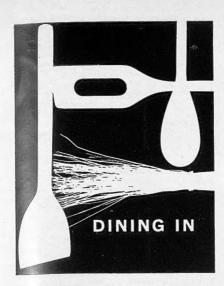
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## That exotic rosbif

by HELEN BURKE

at this time of the Year My nind generally turns to the kind of ood, some of it most exciting, thich we may enjoy when we are a holiday on the Continent. It as also occurred to me that isitors to this country from overas look forward to our own food, poked in our traditional ways. That, for instance, could be more teresting for a visitor than past beef & Yorkshire pudding,

cooked in the best way possible?

Mostly, these days, we pride ourselves on cooking the Chinese, French, Hungarian and Viennese ways-in every way, indeed, except our own-but what people from other countries want when they come here is the best beef in the world-Angus or cross-breed Angus and Galloway beef, together with Southdown mutton and British pork. (Our home-produced veal is, as a rule, not up to the standard of that on the Continent. In any case, most people from the Continent have had enough veal and want to have our beef.)

Now, one thing which has always puzzled me is that cooker manufacturers, in their booklets, give a really hot oven for Yorkshire pudding and a moderate one for beef, and yet both have to be cooked together at the same time. How does one overcome this?

Some years ago, I decided to do a little experimenting—but, first, let me deal with the kind of cut to buy. At the moment the best beef is expensive and I find that it is better to buy the <code>entrecôte</code>—that is, the top of the sirloin—rather than the sirloin itself. Not only does it carve better but it also gives a better yield. Incidentally I know two cooks who buy the sirloin and bone it so that they have two joints. One of these they roast and the

other, the fillet, they cut into steaks and grill.

Roast beef & Yorkshire? The pudding comes first. Make the batter at least two hours in advance. Here it is, for the benefit of beginners. Sift 4 oz. plain flour and a good pinch of salt into a bowl. Make a well in the centre and drop into it 1 to 2 eggs, gradually whisk in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk or milk and water and whip to avoid lumps. Beat for up to 10 minutes or let the electric mixer do the job in much less time. Before using, beat in another tablespoon of water.

For the meat, buy a  $2\frac{3}{4}$  to 3 lb. piece of beef entrecôte. Brush it all over with butter or good beef dripping and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Place it in the upper half of a hot oven (450 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 8) in order to seal and brown the surface. Baste twice during this time.

After 15 to 20 minutes, put two tablespoons of the hot fat in a 10 by 12-inch Yorkshire pudding tin and get this fat really hot. Pour the batter into it. Remove the joint to one shelf lower and put the pudding on the shelf above it. Lower the heat to 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 and bake for a further 30 to 35 minutes. The pudding will then be beautifully cooked and light and the beef should be a good pink all through.

Those who like beef underdone insist on it being pink. Should "better done" meat be preferred, let 10 minutes extra elapse before adding the pudding and lowering the temperature as above. In either case remove the joint before the pudding, because meat which has rested for a few minutes before being carved cuts much better. This applies to poultry, too.

In the old days the beef was cooked over the pudding but that has more or less disappeared. In Yorkshire we always get individual puddings with delicious gravy poured over them—not with the meat but before it. A course on its own as it were.

It is said that a roaster—one who roasts meat well—is born, not made. I do not agree. Anyone who remembers what happened "last time" can become an efficient roaster.

And those baked peeled potatoes? Well, they can be rubbed all over with butter in the palms of the hands and then placed around the meat. Or if they are small they can go into the baking tin as soon as the fat begins to run and be turned in it. I know a first-rate cook who parboils her potatoes in salted water for 10 minutes and then drains and dries them well before rolling them in the fat in the tin and baking them. They are delicious.

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Jaeger put their new under-twenty-five department firmly into young hands (new young designer, new young staff). And of course, the clothes show it! Case in point: the utterly unexpected dazzle of dark brown for the beach. The prices show it too, a light suit costs seven guineas, a pure silk evening dress costs less than ten pounds.

whole department shows it, young assistants, wander-in atmosphere (even the hangers are a new invention). So come and shop where, if you're young, you have it all your way!

Denim romper-suit (with skirt, not shown). Also in blue. Sizes  $8\frac{1}{2}$ -14. Complete 6 gns. Dress in drip-dry satin cotton; leather belt. Also pink and white checks. Sizes  $8\frac{1}{2}$ -14.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  gns.

Young Jaeger at



There are Young Jaeger departments open now at Jaeger Houses in Regent St, London, Manchester, and Glasgow